

# THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

VOLUME 1.

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN, TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1852.

NUMBER 33.

**THE GRAND RIVER TIMES**  
IS PUBLISHED EVERY TUESDAY EVENING, BY  
**BARNES & ANGEL.**  
Office over H. Griffin's Store, Washington Street.  
**TERMS.**—Payment in Advance.  
Taken at the office, or forwarded by Mail, \$1.00.  
Delivered by the Carrier in the Village, 1.50.  
One shilling in addition to the above will be  
charged for every three months that payment is  
delayed.  
No paper discontinued until all arrearages are  
paid, except at the discretion of the publishers.  
**TERMS OF ADVERTISING:**  
One Square, (12 lines or less) first insertion, fifty  
cents, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent  
insertion. Legal advertisements at the rates pre-  
scribed by law. Yearly or monthly advertisements  
as follows:  
1 square 1 month, \$1.00. 1 square 1 year, \$5.00.  
1 " 3 " 2.00. 1 " 1 " 1.50.  
1 " 6 " 3.00. 1 " 1 " 1 month, 50c.  
Advertisements unaccompanied with writ-  
ten or verbal directions, will be published until or-  
dered out, and charged for. When a postponement  
is added to an advertisement, the whole will be  
charged the same as for the first insertion.  
Letters relating to business, to receive at-  
tention, must be addressed to the publishers—*not*  
*paid.*

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY—1852.

**JAMES BARNES**, Carpenter and Joiner. All  
kinds of work done on reasonable terms; plans  
and specifications, if desired, will be given on  
application to me, free of charge. I will also  
furnish Glass, Putty, Paint, Nails, together with  
all kinds of trimmings for buildings, if ordered.  
Shop, a few rods north-east of the Washington  
House, Grand Haven, Mich.

**H. G. SMITH**, Blacksmith. All kinds of work  
in my line done to order, and no trust for pay.  
Shop south of C. B. Albee's Tannery, Grand Ha-  
ven, Michigan.

**M. B. HOPKINS**, Attorney and \*Counselor at  
Law, Solicitor in Chancery and Circuit Court  
Commissioner for Ottawa County. Office third  
door west of the Washington House.

**R. W. DUNCAN**, Attorney at Law, will attend  
promptly to collecting and all other professional  
business entrusted to his care. Office over H.  
Griffin's Store, opposite the Washington House,  
Grand Haven, Mich.

**H. MERRILL**, Boot and Shoemaker. Boots  
and Shoes neatly repaired, and all orders prompt-  
ly attended to. Shop one door below the Wash-  
ington House, Grand Haven, Mich.

**FERRY & SONS**, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groce-  
ries, Provisions, Hardware, Clothing, Boots  
and Shoes, Crockery and Medicines—also man-  
ufacturers and dealers in all kinds of Lumber  
Water Street, Grand Haven.  
WM. M. FERRY, JR., WM. M. FERRY.

**C. DAVIS & CO.**, Dealers in Dry Goods, Groce-  
ries, Provisions, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and  
Shoes, &c., &c. Muskegon, Michigan.

**C. B. ALBEE**, Storage, Forwarding and Com-  
mission Merchant, and Dealer in Dry Goods,  
Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and Shoes,  
&c., &c. Flour and Salt constantly on hand.—  
Store, corner Washington and Water streets,  
Grand Haven, Mich.

**HENRY R. WILLIAMS**, Storage, Forward-  
ing and Commission Merchant, also Agent for  
the Steamer Algoma. Store House at Grand  
Rapids, Kent Co., Mich.

**BALL & MARTIN**, Storage, Forwarding and  
Commission Merchants. Grand Rapids, Mich.

**GILBERT & CO.**, Storage, Forwarding and  
Commission Merchants, and dealers in Produce,  
Lumber, Shingles, Staves &c., &c. Grand Ha-  
ven, Michigan.

**F. B. GILBERT**, Dealer in Dry Goods, Cloth-  
ing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Crockery  
and Stone Ware, Hard Ware, Groceries, Provi-  
sions and Ship Stores. Grand Haven, Michigan.

**HENRY GRIFFIN**, Dealer in Staple and fancy  
Dry Goods; Ready made Clothing, Boots and  
Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery and Glass,  
Drugs, Chemicals, Medicines, Paints and Oils,  
and Provisions. Also, Lumber, Shingles, &c., &c.  
Opposite the Washington House, Grand Haven,  
Michigan.

**HOPKINS & BROTHERS**, Storage, Forwarding  
& Commission merchants; general dealers in all  
kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries, grain and provisions;  
manufacturers and dealers wholesale and  
retail in all kinds of lumber, at Mill Point, Mich.

**L. M. S. SMITH**, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines,  
Paints, Oils and Dye Stuffs, Dry Goods, Groce-  
ries and Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Books,  
Stationery, &c., &c. At the Post Office, corner  
of Park and Barber streets, Mill Point, Mich.

**H. D. C. TUTTLE**, M. D. Office, adjoining  
Wm. M. Ferry's Store, Water street, Grand Ha-  
ven, Michigan.

**STEPHEN MONROE**, Physician and Surgeon.  
Office over J. T. Davis' Tailor Shop. Washing-  
ton Street, Grand Haven.

**SIMON SIMENOE**, Dealer in Groceries and  
Provisions. Washington Street, second door  
East of the Ottawa House.

**WASHINGTON HOUSE**, By HENRY PENNOYER.  
The proprietor has for the past Spring new-  
ly fitted and partly re-furnished this House,  
and feels confident visitors will find the House  
to compare favorably with the best in the State.

**WILLIAM TELL HOTEL**, By HARRY EA-  
RON. Pleasantly situated with excellent rooms  
well furnished, and the table abundantly sup-  
plied with the luxuries and substantial of life.

**JAMES PATTERSON**, Painter and Glazier.  
House, Sign, and Ornamental Painting done at  
Grand Haven. All orders will be promptly at-  
tended to, by leaving word at this office. Shop at  
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

**CHARLES W. HATHAWAY**, Blacksmith. All  
kinds of work in my line done with neatness and  
dispatch at my shop. Mill Point, Michigan.

**JOHN T. DAVIS**, Merchant Tailor. Shop on  
Washington Street, first door west of H. Griffin's  
Store.

**GROSVENOR REED**, Prosecuting Attorney for  
Ottawa County. Residence at Charleston  
Landing, Allendale, Ottawa County, Mich.

**HOYT G. POST**, Clerk of Ottawa County. Of-  
fice over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-  
ington House.

**WILLIAM N. ANGEL**, Register of Deeds, and  
Notary Public for Ottawa County. Office over  
H. Griffin's store, Washington street, opposite the  
Washington House, Grand Haven.

**HENRY PENNOYER**, Treasurer of Ottawa  
County. Office over H. Griffin's Store, opposite  
the Washington House.

**ASA A. SCOTT**, Sheriff of Ottawa County.—  
Office over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-  
ington House.

From the Friend of Youth.

LITTLE PINK.

BY WILLIAM OLAND BOURNE.

On a swinging little shelf  
Were some pretty little books,  
And I reckon, from their looks,  
That the darling little elf

Whose they were  
Was the cheerful, tidy girl,  
With her auburn hair a-curl.

In a little chest of drawers,  
Every thing was nice and prim,  
And was always kept so trim,  
That her childish little stores,  
Books and toys

In good order could be found,  
Never careless thrown around.

And she laid her bonnet by,  
When she hastened home from school

For it was her constant rule,  
And she was resolved to try,  
School or home,

How to prove the saying true,—  
"Order in all things you do."

When she put away her shawl,  
Nicer laying by her book,  
She had only once to look  
In its place to find her doll,

Snuggly there;  
She could shut her smiling eyes,  
Sure to find her pretty prize.

See her books, how clean they are!  
Corners not turned down, I know!

There's a marker made to show,  
In her lessons, just how far!

Dog eared books  
Are a certain sign to me,  
That the girl must careless be!

She's as tidy as a pink!

Clean, and neat, and gentle too,  
If you take her actions through

Just the same I know you'll think  
School or home—

Books or toys—  
Every way—  
ORDER keeps this loving girl  
With her auburn hair a-curl.

From Harpers' Magazine.

## HOW MEN RISE IN THE WORLD.

Few things that happen in the world are the  
result of accident. Law governs all; there is  
even a law of Chances and Probabilities, which  
has been elaborated by Laplace, Quetelet, and  
others, and applied by practical men to such  
purposes as life insurance, insurances against  
fire, shipwreck and so on. Many things which  
happen daily, and which are usually attrib-  
uted to chance, occur with such regularity that,  
where the field of observation is large, they can  
almost be calculated upon as certainties.

But we do not propose now to follow out  
this idea, interesting though it would be; we  
would deal with the matter of "accident" in an-  
other light—that of self-culture. When a man  
has risen from a humble to a lofty position in  
life, carved his name deep into the core of the  
world, or fallen upon some sudden discovery  
with which his name is identified in all time  
coming, his rise, his work, his discovery is very  
often attributed to "accident." The fall of the  
apple is often quoted as the accident by which  
Newton discovered the law of gravitation; and  
the convulsed frog's legs, first observed by Gal-  
vani, are in like manner quoted as an instance of  
accidental discovery. But nothing can be more  
unfounded; Newton had been studying in re-  
tirement the laws of matter and motion, and  
his head was full, and his brain beating with  
the toil of thinking on the subject, when the ap-  
ple fell. The train was already laid long before,  
and the significance of the apple's fall was sud-  
denly apprehended as only genius could ap-  
prehend it; and the discovery, which had long be-  
fore been elaborating, suddenly burst on the  
philosopher's sight. So with Galvani, Jenner,  
Franklin, Watt, Davy, and all other philoso-  
phers; their discoveries were invariably the re-  
sult of patient labor, of long study, and of ear-  
nest investigation. They worked their way by  
steps, feeling for the right road like the blind  
man, and always trying carefully the firmness  
of the new ground before venturing upon it.

Genius of the very highest kind never trusts  
to accident, but is indefatigable in labor. Buf-  
fon has said of genius, "It is patience." Some-  
one else has called it "intense purpose;" and  
another, "hard work." Newton himself used  
to declare, that whatever service he had done to  
the public was not owing to extraordinary sagac-  
ity, but solely to industry and patient toil. He  
Genius, however, turns to account all accidents—  
call them rather by their right name, opportu-  
nities. The history of successful men proves that  
it was the habit of cultivating opportunities—  
which helped them to success—which, indeed,  
secured success. Take the Crystal Palace as an  
instance; was it a sudden idea—an inspiration  
of genius—flashing upon one who, though no  
architect, must at least have been something  
of a poet? Not at all; its contriver was simply  
a man who cultivates opportunities—a  
laborious pains-taking man, whose life has been  
a career of labor, of diligent self-improvement,  
of assiduous cultivation of knowledge. The  
idea of the Crystal Palace, as Mr. Paxton him-  
self has shown, in a lecture before the Society  
of Arts, was slowly and patiently elaborated  
by experiments extending over many years;  
and the Exhibition of 1851 merely afforded  
him the opportunity of putting forward his idea  
—the right thing at the right time—and the re-  
sult is what we have seen.

If opportunities do not fortuitously occur,  
then the man of earnest purpose proceeds to  
make them for himself. He looks for helps  
every where; there are many roads into Na-  
ture; and if determined to find a path, a man  
need not have to wait long. He turns all acci-  
dents to account, and makes them promote his  
purpose. Dr. Lee, Professor of Hebrew at  
Cambridge, pursued his trade of bricklayer up  
to twenty-eight years of age, and was first led  
to study Hebrew by becoming interested in a  
Hebrew Bible, which fell in his way when en-  
gaged in the repairs of a synagogue; but be-  
fore this time he had been engaged in the cul-  
ture of his intellect, devoting all his spare hours  
and much of his nights to the study of Latin  
and Greek. Ferguson, the astronomer, culti-  
vated the opportunity afforded him by the nights  
occupied by him in watching the flocks on the  
Highland hills, of studying astronomy in the

heavens; and the sheep-skin in which he wrap-  
ped himself, became him as well as the gown of  
the Oxford Professor. Osgood, the American  
painter, when a boy, was deprived by an austere  
relative, of the use of pencils and paper; but  
he set to work and practiced drawing on the  
sand of the river side. Gifford, late editor  
of the *Quarterly Review*, worked his first prob-  
lems in mathematics, when a cobbler's apprentice,  
upon small scraps of leather, which he beat  
smooth for the purpose. Bloomfield, the au-  
thor of the "Fanny Boy," wrote his first  
poems on the same material with an awl. Be-  
wick first practiced his genius on the cottage-  
walls of his native village, which he covered  
with his sketches in chalk. Rittenhouse, the  
astronomer, calculated eclipses on the plow-  
handle. Benjamin West, the painter, made his  
first brushes out of the cat's tail.

It is not accident, then, that helps a man on  
in the world, but purpose and persistent indus-  
try. These make a man sharp to discern op-  
portunities, and to use them. To the sluggish  
and the purposeless, the happiest opportunities  
avail nothing—they pass them by with indiffer-  
ence, seeing no meaning in them. Successful  
men achieve and perform, but they have the  
purpose to do so. They "scorn delights, and  
laborious days." They labor with hand  
and head. Difficulties serve only to draw forth  
the energies of their character, and often their  
highest pleasures are in grappling with and over-  
coming them. Difficulties are the tutors and  
monitors of men, placed in their path for their  
best discipline and development. Push through,  
then! strength will grow with repeated effort.

Doubtless Professor Faraday had difficulties  
to encounter, in working his way up from the  
carpenter's bench to the highest rank as a sci-  
entific chemist and philosopher. And Dr. Kitto,  
had his difficulties to overcome, in reaching his  
present lofty position as one of the best of our  
Biblical critics; deaf from a very early age, he  
was for sometime indebted to the poor-rates for  
his subsistence, having composed his first es-  
says "in a workhouse." And Hugh Miller, the  
author of "The Old Red Sandstone," had diffi-  
culties to grapple with, in the stone-quarry in  
Cromarty, out of which he raised himself to a  
position of eminent honor and usefulness.—  
And George Stephenson too, who was a trapper-  
boy in a coal-pit, had difficulties to encoun-  
ter, perhaps greater than them all; but, like a  
true and strong man, bravely surmounted and  
triumphed over them. "What!" said John  
Hunter, the first of English surgeons, original-  
ly a carpenter, "Is there a man whom diffi-  
culties dishearten, who bends to the storm? He  
will do little. Is there one who will conquer?  
That kind of a man never fails."

Man must be his own helper. He must cul-  
tivate his own nature. No man can do this for  
him. No institution can do it. Possibly a man  
may get another to do his work for him, but not  
to do his thinking for him. A man's best help  
is in himself—in his own heart, in his own soul,  
in his own resolute purpose. The battle can  
not be fought by proxy. A man's mind may  
be roused by another, and his desire to improve  
and advance himself excited by another; but  
he must mould his own stuff, quarry his own  
nature, make his own character. What if a man  
fails in one effort? Let him try again! Let  
him try hard, try often, and he cannot fail ul-  
timately to succeed. No man can tell what he can  
do until he tries, and tries with resolution.—  
Difficulties often fall away of themselves, be-  
fore a determination to overcome them. "There  
is something in resolution," says Walker, in  
the *Original*, "which has an influence beyond  
itself, and it marches on like a mighty lord  
among its slaves. All is prostration where it  
appears. When bent on good, it is almost the  
noblest attribute of man; when on evil, the most  
dangerous. It is only by habitual resolution,  
that men succeed to any great extent—mere  
impulses are not sufficient."

Some are scared from the diligent practice of  
self-culture and self-help, because they find  
their progress to be slow. They are in des-  
pair, because, having planted their acorn, they  
do not see it grow up into an oak at once.—  
These must cultivate the virtue of patience—  
one of the quietest but most valuable of hu-  
man virtues. They must be satisfied to do  
their true work, and wait the issues thereof.—  
"How much," says Carlyle, "grows every where  
if we do but wait! Through the swamps one  
will shape causeways, force purifying drains;  
we will learn to thread the rocky inaccessible-  
ities, and beaten tracks, worn smooth by mere  
traveling human feet, will form themselves.—  
Not a difficulty but can transfigure itself into a  
triumph; not even a deformity, but if our own  
soul have imprinted worth on it, will grow dear  
to us."

Let us have the honesty and the wisdom to  
do the duty that lies nearest us; and assuredly  
the first is the culture of ourselves. If we can  
not accomplish much, we can at least do our  
best. We can cultivate such powers as have  
been given to us. We may not have the ten  
talents, but if we have only the one, let us  
bring it out and use it, not go bury it in the  
earth like the unworthy man in the parable.—  
"If there be one thing on earth," said Dr. Ar-  
nold, "which is truly admirable, it is to see  
God's wisdom blessing an inferiority of natural  
powers, when they have been honestly, truly,  
and zealously cultivated." Let us strike into  
the true path, and keep there, working on hope-  
fully, patiently, and resolutely—not turned aside  
by temptation, nor putting off the work from  
day to day by vain resolutions to do things that  
are never done; but no, with all our might,  
what the hand findeth to do; and we may safely  
leave the issues in the hands of Supreme  
Benevolence; for doubtless the rewards of well-  
doing will come in their due season.

"Will you rise now, my dear?" said a bro-  
ker's wife to her sleepy spouse: "the day broke  
long ago." "I wonder," replied the somno-  
lent financier, "if the indorsers were secured."

A leading medical practitioner at Brighton,  
England, has lately given a list of sixteen cases  
of paralysis, produced by smoking, which came  
under his knowledge within the last six months.

## THE OLD TIMES AND THE NEW.

How's your memory? Does it run away back  
to the gates of "drowsy east," and do the days  
that are gone, shine yet upon the further bor-  
ders of it? Or have you one of those narrow  
memories, not broad enough for anything but  
yesterday and the day before? And what do  
you keep in it? Have you turned it into a blot-  
ter to put "credits" to yourself and "debts" to  
somebody else in a sort of meagre almanac of  
bills receivable? Or is it a beautiful place like  
Laurel Hill or Greenwood—filled with the past  
—brighter days and downier hours! If so, and  
we hope so, do you remember the village church,  
and the choir, and the minister, and how they  
used to do and all about it? And what would  
you and we give to be set back in the middle of  
one of those old-fashioned square pews, with  
our feet swinging eight or ten inches above the  
floor, mother on one side with the everlasting  
sprig of caraway, father on the other, the sing-  
ers on the high seats "away back," the minister  
"come" and all ready. Don't you remember  
the pulpit? A queer thing shaped like a swal-  
low's nest and fastened like a swallow's nest, to  
the wall about midway between floor and ceil-  
ing. Or perhaps it was a great square two story  
device, with the architecture of a wheat bin,  
and a dungeon of a place to put wood in under-  
neath. We'll wager a "concordance" it was one  
or the other. And what wouldn't you give to  
have the faith in one man that you had in that  
old fashioned minister? Were you afraid of  
thunder, and don't you recollect when father asked  
him home "because it looked likely to rain,"  
and the thunder jarred and tangled the sun-  
beams out of the cloud, how safe you felt, be-  
cause the minister was there? Ah, a child's  
sweet faith was made before Franklin dreamed  
of fixing a bayonet against the tempest. And  
do you remember the day he died, and how you  
wondered such a good man could die, and it  
shook your confidence in the permanence of  
earthly things, and made you sad and fearful, and  
gave you something to think of, when the folks  
thought you were asleep? And how he preached!  
What simplicity, what eloquence, what fervor.  
But alas! for it, "the prayers of David,  
the son of Jesse are ended."

And don't you remember how the gray heads  
were sprinkled among the congregations of treas-  
ures "brown in the shadow, golden in the sun,"  
like the first snow flakes of November? Well,  
they are not there, now. There has been a sun  
or so too many and melted all away! Old Den-  
son so and so, that used to sit hard by the pul-  
pit, now sits on the bank of the river that runs  
hard by the throne. Who can doubt it? He  
had a heart "open as the day to melting chari-  
ty," he sang a little too nasal then, we remem-  
ber, but he has a new song and a new harp now.

Those were the good old times of the church  
nearer the days of the Pilgrims, the Covenants,  
and Heaven. New songs, new sermons,  
new doctrines and new faces have taken their  
places. Sacred to the memory of old times for-  
ever. [Chicago Journal.]

**THE BALM OF LOVE.**—Pure and spiritual love  
dwells not upon the earth. It creates a happy  
sphere of its own, remote from terrene influence  
and the seething blight of sin. Adorned with  
the choicest graces and the embellishments of  
thought, beautified with the lustre of virtue and  
the fascinations of bliss, it charms the eye of  
faith; to commune with the Father of his spirit,  
and banquet on redeeming love!

In the twilight hour, when we alone, steal to  
the grove or the glen, and there enjoy medita-  
tion and prayer; when, in the evening's solitude,  
we marvel at the glories of the vaulted sky,  
spangled with the shining works of God, or, as  
Aurora smiles, of the gorgeous grandeur of the  
sun—the chain that binds us to the earth seems  
broken, and we are borne, on the chariot-wheels  
of thought, to the regions of love. The soul  
tasting for the first time the rich pardoning love  
of God, is unlinked from the bondage of clay,  
and transferred rejoicing to this blissful realm.  
Friends, bound by the golden cords of affec-  
tion and tender regard, when called to part, by  
the stern claims of life, or the grim messages of  
death, enjoy their last caress, and take their last  
farewell in the pure and holy realm of love.—  
There, too, is found perfect love. The soul  
submerged in its crystal waters, is saved from  
the sordid lusts of earth, and the putrid conta-  
gion of sin. Glorious, happy realm! "Tis there  
we meet our God—for God is love." 'Tis  
there we obtain strength to become "more than  
conquerors through him who hath loved us."

The most effectual way to do good to your  
own soul, is to do good to others. If your soul  
burns with love, be not as a candle under a bush-  
el. Let others behold your light, and thereby  
be guided from the dark paths that lead to hell,  
to the paradise of God.

He that is united to God loves solitude. But  
it is solitude in the relative rather than the ab-  
solute sense. Thus, he is secluded from men,  
but while he is shut out from the world he is  
shut up in God; and in the absence of human  
society, has the far better society of the Infinite  
Mind.

There is nothing requires so strict an econ-  
omy as our benevolence. We should husband  
our means, as the agriculturist his manure, which  
if he spreads over too large superficies, produ-  
ces no crop, if over too small a surface, exuber-  
ates in rankness and weeds.

Knowledge cannot be acquired without pains  
and application. It is troublesome and like  
deep digging for pure water; but when once at  
the spring, it rises up to meet you.

After a careful consideration of all the argu-  
ments for and against capital punishment, we  
have come to the conclusion that the "debt of  
nature" should never be paid, if it cannot be col-  
lected without an execution.

On the first day of 1852, the House of Cor-  
rection, in Portland, Me., was without an occu-  
pant. This unprecedented fact is attributed to  
the operation of the "Maine Liquor Law."

Against the great superiority of another there  
is no resource but love.

**CANAL AT SAUT STE MARIE.**—The *Boston*  
*Post* has the following excellent article in re-  
lation to this great and important enterprise:

By the Lake Superior Journal we notice that  
the Michigan people are all alive about this im-  
portant work. They have memorialized Con-  
gress on the subject, showing that the canal is a  
matter of general and not of merely local inter-  
est—that Ohio, Pennsylvania, New York, and  
New England, as well as Michigan, and the en-  
tire Lake Superior country, are deeply interest-  
ed in a work that will cost little, but which will  
materially reduce the cost of transporting freight  
to and from the iron and copper countries of the  
great lake. We doubt not that congress will  
give due attention to the subject. The canal  
must be built, and it is fitting that government  
should build it as a work of national import-  
ance. Few are aware of the extraordinary min-  
eral and agricultural resources of the Lake Su-  
perior region. We now annually import 10,000  
tons of copper at an outlay of \$4,000,000.—  
With ordinary facilities the whole of this, not  
to say ten times the quantity of better quality  
and at a lower price can be furnished by the cop-  
per mines of Michigan. Her production of cop-  
per even in the last five years has exceeded 5000  
tons. Her iron mines are yet more undevelop-  
ed, but all accounts agree in stating them to be  
of unexampled richness, the ore being found in  
nearly a pure state. More than this, the fish-  
eries, the lumber, and the produce trade of Lake  
Superior are destined to be immense. An ex-  
penditure at the Saut of a few hundred thousand  
dollars would give a wonderful impetus to the  
whole region.

**THE LOWER CLASSES.**—Who are they? The  
tolling millions, the laboring man and woman,  
the farmer, the mechanic, the artisan, the inven-  
tor, the producer? Far from it. These are na-  
ture's nobility. No matter whether high or low  
in station, rich or poor in pelf, conspicuous or  
humble in position, they are surely upon circles  
in the order of nature, whatever the fictitious  
distinctions of society, fashionable or unfashio-  
nable, decree. It is not low, it is the highest du-  
ty, privilege, and pleasure for the great man and  
the whole-souled woman to earn what they pos-  
sess, to work their own way through life, to be  
the architects of their own fortunes. Some  
may rank the classes we have alluded to as on-  
ly relatively low, and in fact the middling classes.  
We insist they are absolutely the very highest.  
If there be a class of human beings on earth  
who may be properly denominated low, it is that  
class who spend without earning, who consume  
without producing, who dissipate on the earn-  
ings of their fathers or relatives, without being  
anything in and of themselves.

[Raleigh Spirit.]

**PATRIOTISM.**—A yankee gentlemen convey-  
ing a British gentleman around to view the dif-  
ferent objects of attraction in the city of Bos-  
ton, brought him to Bunker Hill. They stood  
looking at the splendid shaft, when the yankee  
said:

"This is the place where Warren fell."  
"Ah, exclaimed the Englishman, evidently not  
posted up in local historical matters, "did it hurt  
him much?"

The native looked at him with the expres-  
sion of fourteen fourth of Julys in his counte-  
nance.

"Hurt him," said he, "he was killed, sir!"  
"Ah, he was, eh?" said the stranger, still ey-  
ing the monument, and computing its height in  
his own mind, layer by layer; "well, I should  
think he would have been, to fall so far."

The native tore his hair; but it gave him a  
good opportunity to enlarge upon the glorious  
events connected with the Hill, and the benefits  
therefrom flowing for our somewhat extensive  
country, and soon talked himself into good hu-  
mor. [Carpet Bag.]

**SPIRIT RAPPINGS.**—The Mount Vernon *Times*  
relates a case of "spirit rappings" which beats  
all other "manifestations," and is of eminently  
practical character. The medium was a lady  
(of course) whose husband had been in the hab-  
it of visiting a certain grocery in the place and  
there spending much of his time and substance  
of the family in communication with the "spir-  
its" of the shop. The lady bore the evil until  
"forbearance ceased to be a virtue," when one  
evening of week before last, she took a club,  
proceeded to the grocery, demolished all the bot-  
tles, decanters, jugs and glasses of the concern;  
and on departing demolished the front window  
also. At the time of the "manifestation" the  
room was full of "believers," but they were all  
so astounded at the vigor of the "spirit rappings,"  
that they were unable to interpose.

**AMERICAN GENIUS.**—Harrison Winans left  
Baltimore, a few years ago, a poor boy, but with  
an improved mind, acquired at a country school,  
with genius, ambition and enterprise. He  
worked his way in Russia to the head of the  
mechanists and engineers, and became leading  
contractor on the great railroad between Mos-  
cow and St. Petersburg, 400 miles long, and  
made over \$1,000,000. On his return to Paris  
he married a talented, and able and beautiful  
lady, and will soon build a cage for her in the  
shape of a villa for all kinds of mechanics, and  
a park of three acres beautifully ornamented,  
where rich and poor may feast their eyes on in-  
digenous plants and rare exotics. He goes  
once more to Russia to fulfill a contract with  
the Emperor, on public works, by which he will  
bring \$500,000 in gold for his mental labors.  
[Scientific American.]

**HUNGARY.**—The authorities of Pesth have for-  
bidden the distribution of all foreign papers,  
even those directed to the editors of newspapers  
and periodicals. This wholesale measure will  
continue in force until it is ascertained which of  
them may be safely admitted.

Nothing exists in vain, either in outward con-  
cerns, or in human minds. All the wisdom lies  
in extracting the use and sweet out of every  
thing, so that it may assist in the perfection of  
our minds.

Imputations, however unjust, sully, if they do  
not stain a character.